

The Back ... and The END.

The illustrious and zany staff of the Paradox includes

(but of course, is not limited to):

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And their staff advisor,

mrs. nelson

\$.92 + tax

Paradox

The keyhole to Your mind

Kingdom Hearts Rocks Your Socks
By: Ashton

Most of you have heard of it, Kingdom Hearts, a magnificent game released awhile ago. It combined the amazing creativity of Squaresoft, (Final Fantasy, Parasite Eve, Brave Fencer Musashi, and other games that no one will no of unless they're gamer introverts like me.) along with the sheer shiny happiness of Disney.

I beat it in a week and a half.

I couldn't help it, the game rocked my face the second it went in the machine, and it continued to rock my face after I turned it off and went to sleep. Then, when I got up and freaked out realizing I didn't do my homework, it rocked my face by enticing me at four thirty in the morning saying, "Yeah, you liked it, and you know it. Come get some!" It then proceeded to slap me because I wasn't paying attention to it and demanded I make it a sandwich.

Well, anyway, all abuse aside, it's a game that defies all rules of logic and physics. It's Disney, and let's face it, they've rarely ever pumped out a good game. There's the occasional fluke that flies out and rules, but it doesn't happen often. This game stands on all their corpses and claims them in the name of Scotland.



Don't like what you see?

Think you can do better?

Well, we at the *Paradox* will accept that
challenge—

and your submissions!

So, if you're a closet poet, a starving artist, a soon-to-be-
discovered disco-record reviewer or just plain crazy about
writing, stop by room **334** and talk to Mrs. Nelson (or any of
the *Paradox* staff) or drop off submissions with any English
teacher.

Remember, if you don't participate, you can't complain!

The whole game is based around this little guy named Sora, played by Haley Joel Osmond, or however you spell it. Yep, that creepy kid from *Sixth Sense* and *A.I.* Anyway, he lives with maybe seven other people on a ~~destruction~~ world comprised of only a single island. Forever wishing to get the heck off of it and to see what else is out there. Well, his wish is granted, but not in the way he'd want it. A ruthless scourge called the Heartless ravages the island, and eventually destroy the entire planet he's on. He and his two friends, Riku and Kairi, are transported off the destruction before it's destroyed, however, through the power of a VERY unique weapon called the Keyblade. Eventually, he meets up with Donald Duck, the court archmage, and Goofy (Last name?) the captain of the guard, and they go on a quest to make sure the remaining worlds don't blow up like his did.

Later on, they learn that someone or something is controlling the Heartless, and using them to eat away at all the worlds' energy. So, almost completely disregarding the original two quests, except an occasional mention here and there, they set off to discover this threat. The only way to do it is to lock up the worlds with his Keyblade, which is done by using it's power on magical Keyholes that are hidden on them.

...

Okay, it sounds kind of stupid, but it's not. I swear. The storyline quickly becomes very engrossing, with plenty of plot twists and and actual serious story at the right spots.

That coupled with the characters most already know about make this game as fun to follow along with as it is to play.

And playing it is a blast. The combat is similar to Zelda with a dash of Resident Evil. The third person camera can screw you up sometimes, but it's fairly easy to remedy that, just don't use the lock on feature unless it's a boss or something. Of course, that probably means nothing to anyone who hasn't played the game. So bugger off and take my word for it. Everything is in a real-time system, meaning you could get randomly attacked while picking a spell out of your menu or something, although it usually doesn't happen. The upside is that there's a LOT less annoying menus to use, but the downside is that the choosing items or spells in battle could be fatal if not done quickly. Oh well. Get fast.

All in all, it's a fantastic game that should not be ignored. At the very least, give it a rent. You'll have a fun weekend. You might even recognize a few familiar faces, might it be Sephiroth, Squall, or Peter Pan, you'll feel all warm and squishy inside when you see 'em.

Palace of Depression
Place of Nocturnal rest
A castle where I dream best

In my endless night I dream
of new fears
In an eternal twilight I awake
blinded by tears

In the Suicide woods of an
unknown park
With long lost souls I stand
alone in our dark

Now wails a haunting ghost
not fiend but man of shadow
He says "Abandon hope all ye who
enter" and slowly I follow

They've said my life was a bridge
that I was a fool to cross.
With Hell on my left, Heaven on my right
And The Angel of Death Behind Me

Tullycraft- beat,surf,fun

A Super-catchy New Twee-pop album from the former members of Washington's Crayon. Bratty, adorably nasal vocals and tons of indie-pop references. Not As Impressive as City of Subarus but definitely worth the listen for fans.

The Lucksmiths A Good Kind of Nervous-

Love Apple - 88 Miles Per Hour - a pop-punk album from DC

Nothing too special but definatley catchy. A song about The Wonder Years, Even.

Bright Eyes - Lifted Or The story is in the soil
A Beautiful New Recording sounds much more upbeat that anything involving Conor Oberst since his high school band, Commander Venus

X Files X - 15 track CD of Ridiculous, Mocking Hardcore Punk.

It's Not Punk To Say Punk.

Time To Fly - birth.work.death.

A pretty new record from Kitsap's very own Time To Fly.
Includes songs from a past split and pretty much a ton of Good stuff.

Avril Lavigne - I don't get it.

She sounds like Mandy Moore with a twang.

Kind Of Catchy but a bit over rated.

Asylum

~~Chowder~~

I sat in the corner and kept to myself.
People pointed and laughed as if seeing an elf.

Silence and loneliness, they filled my heart.

To ignore the pair I turned to art.

Poems on paper, stories in books,

They didn't judge or laugh at looks.

In my mind I would run and hide,
Sitting and waiting, my time I would bide.

Finally I found someone who felt right.

We shared the days and even the night.

When we first met she called me out.

Her beauty forever erased any doubt.

She quieted my soul and removed my pain.

She helped by freeing me from the insane.

Holding my hand and pointing the way,

"Come," she said, "it's a beautiful day."

When I'm with her, I never feel dumb.

I now feel ready, to leave my asylum.

ODE TO AN ADDICT

By Sarah Smith

Drugs, drugs there all around

Take that rip and pass it down,

Feel the smoke deep inside,

Seeping beneath your wasted mind.

Suddenly invading your conscience reality,

Hopelessly easing the rising insanity.

Forgetting what is good, forgetting all the bad,

Cant even remember why you were so mad.

All these pills that kill, but hide your shame,

*Are just temporary relief from the problems and the
pain.*

But in the end when it's all said and done,

The drugs are gone and so is the fun.

Your friends and family begin to disappear

whispering. They only paused to give her funny looks, laugh out loud, then whisper again. A few kids started pointing.

Kate could handle this, what she couldn't handle was what they did next. She didn't know who started it but it only took one kid to ignite the fire that would burn what dignity she had left to ashes. All that that one kid had to say were the two magical words then everyone else would join in.

"Overweight Kate . . ." *Oh no Kate thought. Not that . . . anything but that!* But it was too late. The other kids had heard and they too, started the chant. "Overweight Kate! Overweight Kate! Overweight Kate! Overweight Kate!" "It was too late, the kids had started the chant and they would continue until her dad came and took her away. She would never go back to that school, not after what had happened. No, she wouldn't go back, not even if they paid her. She would transfer out of that school so that she could go the next nearest highschool that was a half an hour further away than her old school and her mom would have to take her every day. The only thing is, that Sarah's mom made sure that the little incident made it in the newspaper.

The Dark lord of fake accents

flushed bright velvet as the woman continued her brutal verbal degradation "Look at you! What are you? 5'3 and 300 pounds? Falling on my 86 pound daughter! What am I going to tell people? 'Mam tell us exactly what happened and please remember to speak into the microphone.' 'Oh nothing much, except that the Jenny Craig nightmare fell on my daughter.' Did anyone call the ambulance? Oh no I think she stopped breathing. HELP! Anyone know CPR? HELP!" A guy rushed forward who said he knew CPR and started performing it on the unconscious girl.

Kate was mortified. She started running. She ran past all the people that were staring at her. Ran away from their laughing. From their smirks. She ran away from the girl's mom. Ran away from it all. But inside she knew it was no use. Forget about them remembering this for the rest of the year. They would remember this for the rest of their lives. She could just hear it now "Did you go to the Prom? Yeah, Kate Prunelli fell on Sara Mamaru and they had to call the ambulance because she crushed her under her extreme weight. Very sad. I heard she stopped breathing and she's in critical condition." or, Kate thought, they would start the chant.

She grabbed her coat and her purse, then she ran outside. She glanced at her watch. Her Dad would be there to pick her up in about fifteen minutes.

The ambulance had arrived rather quickly and two men jumped out of the back with a stretcher and ran into the school. Moments later they emerged from the building, this time with Sara on the stretcher, her mom trailing behind. The two men pushed the stretcher into the ambulance and got in. The mom got in too, but not before giving Kate a dirty look. Then, the vehicle sped off, the siren fading into the distance.

The other kids had followed the stretcher outside and were now glaring at Kate. Condemnation on their faces. They all turned to the person next to them and started

*Now the dope you crave, is the cause of all your fears.
Slowly melting your fragile life away,
You can feel death burning inside you everyday.*

*Your life is completely out of control,
But you stick that needle deeper in that rotting hole,
You snort that line, or take that hit
Hoping it's your last, but you know you can't quit
Things have changed, your different now,
Your life is gone, you don't know how.
Pray this awful burden would just go away,
But the painful addiction forces it to stay.*

Blue Summer

I cannot forget the way you were
Possessing beauty like no other
Chained to her will, the rain my body craves
Had I known that your words would falter
I would not have drowned in your waves

Like a river, I'm caught in your blue summer
In your current, I continue to sink deeper
In your eyes, I saw no emptiness
In my mind, I hoped for what could have been
Blue summer never come again

Forever it took me to accept
The warmth had always been deception
Now, I wade in my cold recollection
Your blue summer comes so quietly
Here I am, but you deny me

I gave myself, no more will I bend
Your blue summer, my season's end

Brad Hess ~ DogBiskit

Finally she was dancing so hard that she went out of control and tripped over her own feet. She fell, and she fell hard. So hard that when she fell she started rolling, doing a backwards tumble twice and crashing into a big group of people. People started falling around her. She felt something underneath her body but she didn't care. She was so embarrassed.

She just lay there, thinking about how the other kids would make of her. They would remember this for the rest of the year.

The other kids started picking themselves off of the ground around her. The others stared at her, wide eyed and calculating. One turned to another and whispered "Did she fall on Sarah?". People started gathering around her, all of them whispering at each other and staring at her in disbelief.

Then a woman rushed into the scene. She had dark, tangled hair and sagging bags under her eyes. "Oh my god! My poor Sarah! *Get off MY SARAH!*" the woman screamed. "Get off! Get off! Get off!". The woman ran over to Kate and started pulling her up.

Kate stood up and looked behind her. There, she saw what the woman was screaming about. It was girl, she didn't know her name but she was sure that she was the girl who was the president of the "Anorexia and other eating disorders" club. She had been invited to attend one of their sessions many times, although she declined, thinking about how the other kids would joke about it if they saw her coming out from one of those sessions. The woman who had pulled her off the girl was obviously her mom because she sat down by the girl, picked up her hand and started telling her she would be all right. "Someone call an ambulance." She said to the crowd of people.

The woman craned her neck up so that she could clearly see the person that fell on her daughter. "You crushed my daughter . . . you . . . obese clown!". Kate's face

Looking around in the dim light, she found her two best friends Latina and Latania. She snuck up behind one of them and yelled "BOO!". Her friend turned around and gave her an irritated look. But when she saw who it was, her face lit up and she said "Hey Kate!"

"Hey Latina!" she replied. Then, all of the sudden, a girl shoved Latina and stood there with an expectant look on her face.

"Okay Kate, don't say hi to me." Said the girl sarcastically.

"Oh hi Latania."

"So," said Latina, shoving Latania back and regaining her spot. "Are you planning to dance with anyone?"

"Not really . . ." replied Kate.

"Oh come on Kate! Why would you go to a dance if you didn't want to dance?" asked Latania. Just then, two guys came over and asked Latina and Latania to dance. So she was by herself.

She started walking around. Some guy asked her to dance but she said no. She was so lonely now that her friends were gone. Finally the song was over and her friends came back to her. The next song was her favorite song and her friends started dancing. "Come on Kate!" they yelled above the loud music. "Dance!"

She has no idea why, cause this wasn't a normal Kate thing to do, but she started dancing. Her friends started whooping and yelling because she was dancing. They had never seen her dance and they were about to see why she would never dance again.

When Kate heard her friends cheering her on, she felt a great joy inside herself. *Wow! She thought. I'm doing it! I'm really doing it! I'm dancing and no one is making fun of me!* With this thought on her mind, she started dancing allot more vigorously. She started dancing harder and harder and the harder she danced, the more her friends cheered her on.

BOOM

Boom Boom beats your heart
Whoo Whoo goes the wind
Crik Crack goes the walls
Bending from the wind

Boom Boom your heart beats faster
Groan Pop from your neck
Creak Creak goes the rope
As the rope swings under the weight of a
body

THE DARK LORD OF FAKE ACCENTS

I Miss

I miss so many things...like the old 80's cartoons and early 90's. TV was great back in the day. I miss those days. I miss those shows. They were so great. I loved Rainbow Brite. I always wanted to go live with her and all the sprits. I also loved the Care Bears. They were awesome. And do you remember Fragel Rock? That show kicked so much butt. What about The Secret World of Alex Mack, Salute You Shorts, and Are You Afraid of the Dark. Those were all good shows. I wish they were back on TV. I would give almost anything just to see those again. I miss Saturday morning cartoons; when they were good. I mean todays are way out there; I miss our good old cartoons. My Little Pony, Pete and Pete, Hey Dude... ah Memories. I know you all know what I'm talking about. There are way to many to count. What happened? Did Hollywood run out of ideas or something? That's what I think happened, but hey...who am I to say anything about it.

then hurriedly hugged and kissed her mom yelling "Bye! I love you!" as she ran out of the room.

Her dad was already waiting for her in the car. Kate shivered and pulled her coat tighter around her, her heavy breathing creating huge clouds of steam in the cold, crisp November air. She looked around her neighborhood as she walked to the car and waved at her next door neighbor.

Once she was inside the car she hugged and kissed her dad before putting on her seatbelt.

"Oh honey . . ." said her dad as he looked at her." You look so beautiful . . . you remind me of your mom when she was your age. Wait a minute, is that *electric blue lipstick*!?"

The rest of the car ride, Kate's dad took a trip down memory lane. But Kate just ignored him, thinking instead about how great the Prom was going to be.

Finally they arrived at her school. They passed underneath a giant sign that said "Easy Squeesy Lemon Peasy Highschool" as they drove into the parking lot. The parking lot was packed but they got a spot near the front of the school. *A sign of good luck!* Thought Kate as she got out of the car after hugging and kissing her dad good-bye. *I can't believe we got such a good parking spot!* She waved at her dad as he pulled out and drove off.

She walked inside and looked around. Streamers had been festooned on the walls. That was about it for the commons. She put her stuff down on a table then walked over to the dancing area. Someone asked her for her ticket so she gave it to him before walking into the dancing area.

The dancing area was really the school gym, but it didn't look like a gym anymore. The decorating committee did a very good job, and it really did look like an enchanted castle, like the one in Sleeping Beauty. She loved that movie.

Kate Prunelli

Kate stood anxiously in front of her bedroom mirror, carefully applying her electric blue lipstick on her big lips. When she was done, she stood back and examined herself in front of the mirror. She was happy with the way she looked, although other people would later tell her she looked like an obese clown.

Yes, she was happy with the way she looked, as she stood there in her purple dress. It had dark purple stripes going up and down it because she heard somewhere that vertical stripes made you look skinnier.

She had heavily applied purple eye shadow and blush and was just about to grab the eyelash curler when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" Yelled Kate. The door opened and in walked an extremely obese woman with blonde hair. She had a strange expression on her face as she walked over to Kate and stood in front of her.

"Oh Kate . . ." she said as she reached out and touched Kate's face. "Your first prom . . ."

"How do you like my dress Mommy?" Asked Kate excitedly.

"You look so beautiful . . . you remind me of me when I was your age. Wait a minute, is that *electric blue lipstick*!"

"Do you like it? I wore my purple eyeshadow too. I wore it to match my dress."

"Don't you think you put a little too much on . . ." her mom was interrupted by someone calling Kate downstairs. That would be her Dad.

"Oh sorry mom. Its time to go." Said Kate as she started rushing around and grabbing what she needed. Finally she grabbed her purse and her coat off her coat rack,

HORRORS OF WARTIME

THE DARK LORD OF FAKE ACCENTS

In the back of your mind there's a hole open wide
Where the horrors of wartime creep in from outside
You see rows of soldiers, their arms are blown off
But you say there is nothing, you just shake it off

But the soldiers arent gone, yes their still there
Something brushes your neck, no it wasnt just air
You start to get scared, in your throat theres a mound
But theres nothing to fear . . . if you don't turn around

But why are you scared? You just sit in your tent
And the only thing you've seen is your wife's
complaint letters about the rent
So what is this fear? What's it about?
Well . . . soon you'll be out there and you'll figure that
out

The cards have been drawn and you have been picked
You are thrown into battle and what you see makes
you sick
A doctor pulling near dead people passes you by
And you ask yourself this "Will I be next to die?"

You hear a loud pop, your life flashes before your eyes
You see ghastly colors that buzz around like flies
You cant see anymore, your heart beats in dips
As you die a warning for your comrades pours out
from your lips

"In the back of your mind there's a hole open wide
Where the horrors of wartime creep in from outside
If you see rows of soldiers, though their arms are
blown off
Don't you dare say it's nothing, and don't you dare
shake it off"

a poem for the lady fair

By Sean Daeley

this is a poem for the lady fair
written by me doing the best I can
for I think of you as a wondrous mare
who cannot be tamed by man

this is a poem for the lady fair
a girl of beauty and splendor
this is something I have loved to bear
and would never dare to render

this is a poem for the lady fair
for whom I have found it my eternal duty
to always stand in awe and stare
at the lady's magnificent beauty

this is a poem for the lady fair
whose divinity is quite unheard
to describe her beauty, no one would dare
for it is beyond speech and word

Tears run down my face
And shadows trail behind me

To the digge of a hollow wind
the ancient canopy doth sway
Now as long shades beam down
I know the black curtain on my mind is drawn
As I reach the river bed I see that blood runs
I feel my sorrow boiling over

I can taste my own blood
A piece of my heart turns to black
Tears run down my face and
Shadows trail behind me

To know ageless torment and live
That was my great pain
Suffering on earth for so long
I was my doom to face immortality
Now what I once wished is done
And so I leave the garden of eden

SHADOWS

Gnarling trees of brown & black
the grove canopy arches over head
to each in this wood a glyph carved deep
Sign of sorrow lining the gardens of dusk
As I stroll on and on down the path
I feel my sorrow boiling over

I can taste my own blood
A piece of my heart turns to black
leaps run down my face
And Shadows trail behind me

And Sol is a pyre of ashen flame
burning above in the ruins of heaven
Nightfall calling me to come nearer
That lonely misty cave down in the dark
I stand a wanderer in life's final hour
I feel my sorrow boiling over

I can taste my own blood
A piece of my heart turns to black

this is a poem for the lady fair
her beauty is untold
you could never just glance, you'd have to stare
at the beautiful girl to behold

this is a poem for the lady fair
whose beauty is like nothing here of
for the beauty only close to compare
is that of angels above

this is a poem for the lady fair
for it has finally reached its end
she is the greatest gift that I can bear
for she is truly a wonderful friend

January 24, 2002
12:16am

Megan was lying on her side on her bed, facing her husband. He, on the other hand, was lying on his back, looking up at the ceiling, and reliving every aching memory.

After a few moments of silence she started to sooth his chest with her hand. He came back from 1985, and turned over to face his wife.

"Did he...was he...he died?" she whispered.

"I'd never seen my mother cry that much before. At the funeral. It was the only time I saw her cry, she didn't want to upset us. But I heard her almost every night through the walls, when she thought we were sleeping. Sometimes, she wouldn't come home for hours after work. I followed her once. I took the bus downtown and waited until she left work. She went right to the cemetery."

"Did you talk to her?"

"Not really. I walked up to her, took her by the hand, and we just...were."

"James, your mother lives with us. I've never seen her go the cemetery. Why do you still go? It's been 17 years. Don't you think it's time for you to let go?"

"Don't you understand?" he almost yelled, jumping off the bed, and stared out the window. "I killed him. I'm responsible for his death. If I hadn't been so stubborn, so stupid. It's all my fault."

"Jamie?" the frail voice startled him, and he spun around. The silhouette of his mother in the door came closer and closer as he sank

Concrete By Unknown

On a newly cemented walkway, clean of all litter and debris, stands a man surrounded by new buildings, in which people work their first day in a new office. The man, with a face withered by wind and circumstance, turns slowly in a circle. He stares with half-seeing eyes at a new world, where his memories of old are as foreign as the trees in this vast land of cement and steel. He hears both the people on the street and the laughter of children as they run and play in the woods and fields. He sees everything, and he sees nothing, taking in the concrete world around him, and letting go of childhood memories. He closes his eyes, and with one silent tear, turns away from the past and towards the future where nobody knows or cares about the land in which they live and work. Walking slowly back towards his car, remembering the forests and fields of old, he comes across the destroyed remnants of a tree. Picking up the ragged piece of wood, he puts it gently, if not reverently, into his pocket as a last memento of a land so soon forgotten and memories so quickly faded.

In later years, after the passing of this man, people will look upon this precious piece of a memory with scorn, and wonder, "What would he want with an old hunk of wood?"

Life So Hectic

Life so hectic

Story untold

Life taken away

From this morbid soul inside

Life is pathetic

Why am I in this place?

This hollow shell

Will never be filled

Alone for always

Self-worth...

What is that?

I am nothing

Nothing but a hollow shell without love

Love...

What is Love?

Love means nothing to me

Go away

Go away and let me die

By Ash

lower and lower on the floor, until she had to kneel down. She ran her delicate fingers through his thick hair lovingly, hushing him while the silent tears ran down his face.

"It's OK Jamie. It was never your fault, understand, sweetheart. I never blamed you. Lee never blamed you. Don't blame yourself, please."

He looked up into her eyes, still the same radiant glow they always were, still shining with love and understanding. She held out her arms, offering an embrace.

"I'm so sorry mom. I'm so sorry." He leaned forward, accepting her comfort.

"No, Jamie. I'm sorry. We should have talked more. I shouldn't have tried to hide my feelings. I should have paid more attention to what you had to be going through." Mother and son, both in tears now, were left alone, as Megan silently slipped from the room, letting the two catch up on 17 years of unshared feelings and memories.

Unknown

By J-5

We stare at your eyes
And part of us dies
You look on in surprise
And I'm sure the world cries
From the dead I will rise
The government I'll defy
On money we rely
We're stable GW will lie
We'll find him he says
Our oh so corrupt prez
And ENRON like Pez
Has crumbled and fell
Sending stocks bonds and retirements straight to hell
Where's the one we "elected" so swell?
On top of the shit pile lying pell-mell
Cheated into office, thank you Dad!
I'm beginning to think Gore wasn't that bad
If this was communism it would be rad
GW's a moron, this makes me mad
If he would die I would be glad
Our leader, incompetent, I hope it's a fad.

Peace

The tree sways gently,
In the warm summer breeze,
Fruit ripens on the branches,
Yellows gives way to reds,
Puffy white summer clouds,
Drifting along in the clear blue sky,
Sounds of the children came from below,
Where a grassy field held them,
In its' tranquil embrace,
Under the tree I sit,
Alone with my thoughts.

By: Singora

kick our economy in the groin. Already, most marketers are scared that they'll be getting incredibly low amounts of stock, and will have to hike prices. Wonderful. As if our economy wasn't sickly enough, now we have to kick it in the stomach while it's vomiting on the ground until it starts ralphing up it's own lung.

Fortunately, the government is going to step in. (Yeesh, I never thought I'd say that.) Bush is going to enforce some random act using the names of two presidents who did nothing, once he figures out what it means. Something about forcing them to go to work or Secret Service'll shoot them in the foot. Hopefully they'll go back to their jobs they shouldn't be complaining about and we can have our rotten fruit back.

Emotions run
By Ash

Emotions run
Feelings crash
It all comes tumbling down
Heaps of rubble
Piles of pain
All over this broken earth
Tales are made
Stories untold
Love and hate begin their fight
Laugh your laugh
Smile your smile
Infect the world with your charm
Take my soul
Break my heart
Kill the love I have for you

HIGH SCHOOL

By Cara Hartshorne

Mangled hallways of students

Flooding with diversity, collecting into a sea of confusion

Searching frantically for their niche

Discovering heartache, frustration, disappointment, and utter

loneliness

Before they discover themselves,

Some latch onto others, some clear their own paths

While others blend into the tapestry

It is a time when nothing is permanent

And few are who they appear to be

Many will discover it is a time I a lifetime

Not the time of their life

Regrets are guaranteed, along with unforgettable moments

And memories that will last a lifetime

There are only three short years

An eternity in the moment

A brief moment in reflection

I'll Push YOU Off the Dock!
By: Ashton

Okay, chances are fairly high a lot of people will start angry riot mobs towards me for this. (Thank goodness for pen names, YOU CANNOT FIND ME, MWA HA HA HA HA! *cough*) Okay, seriously, I honestly am getting very irritated at the lockdown/strike up at the docks. From what I've heard, they've been offered quite a good settlement to go back to work, but they're still not.

At the beginning, I was a little on the edge about this. I was thinking that there was probably a good reason they were doing it, bad work situation, Christmas removal, whatever. But when I hear about what they were offered that they rejected, I was ready to punch them. All of them. One at a time. They rejected a gigantic raise, all these medical benefits, and a bunch of other stuff I didn't remember because I was too busy ramming a spoon in my ear. By this time, I'm quite against their little strike.

To make matters even more fun, this is going to

Digge for Lovcraftians

Entranced with the stars of
the witching hour

Legendry formations call from
memory digges of Samhain

A waning moon rides high on a
summer sky as the blood red
tide rolls in

I see death's head riding forth
on lunar waves
And his dead who've risen
from the temple climb to my ledge

I do not see them
fill it's too late...

So many things happen
So few of lasting consequence

Its end is a sum that all previous experiences have led up to
The floodgates burst open
Their desire for freedom no longer lapping at its great doors
Thrust out onto the tattered streets of a society permeated with
diversity
Emerging into a sea of confusion and opportunities
Once again searching for their niche

Turmoil

By Darla Harman

So many tears for this world to cry
So many years too quickly fly by
Their pain they don't see, their hurt they ignore
Attack is inevitable
Attack for our souls

They kill and destroy while seeking themselves
But the pain that they see will always be theirs
They too soon ignored the cries in their ears
And now they're gone, eternal to burn
Too sad to say they never learned

Not until she touched his hand did he acknowledge her existence with a startled gasp. He looked at her, his eyes looking too old and too tired to be those of the young 29-year old man she was married to.

"How long have you been standing there?" he asked her with true astonishment.

"Just a couple minutes." She replied softly. "You seemed a million miles away just then. Are you OK?"

His eyes wandered back to name on the stone, and she could barely hear his whispered reply over the rain hitting the umbrella.

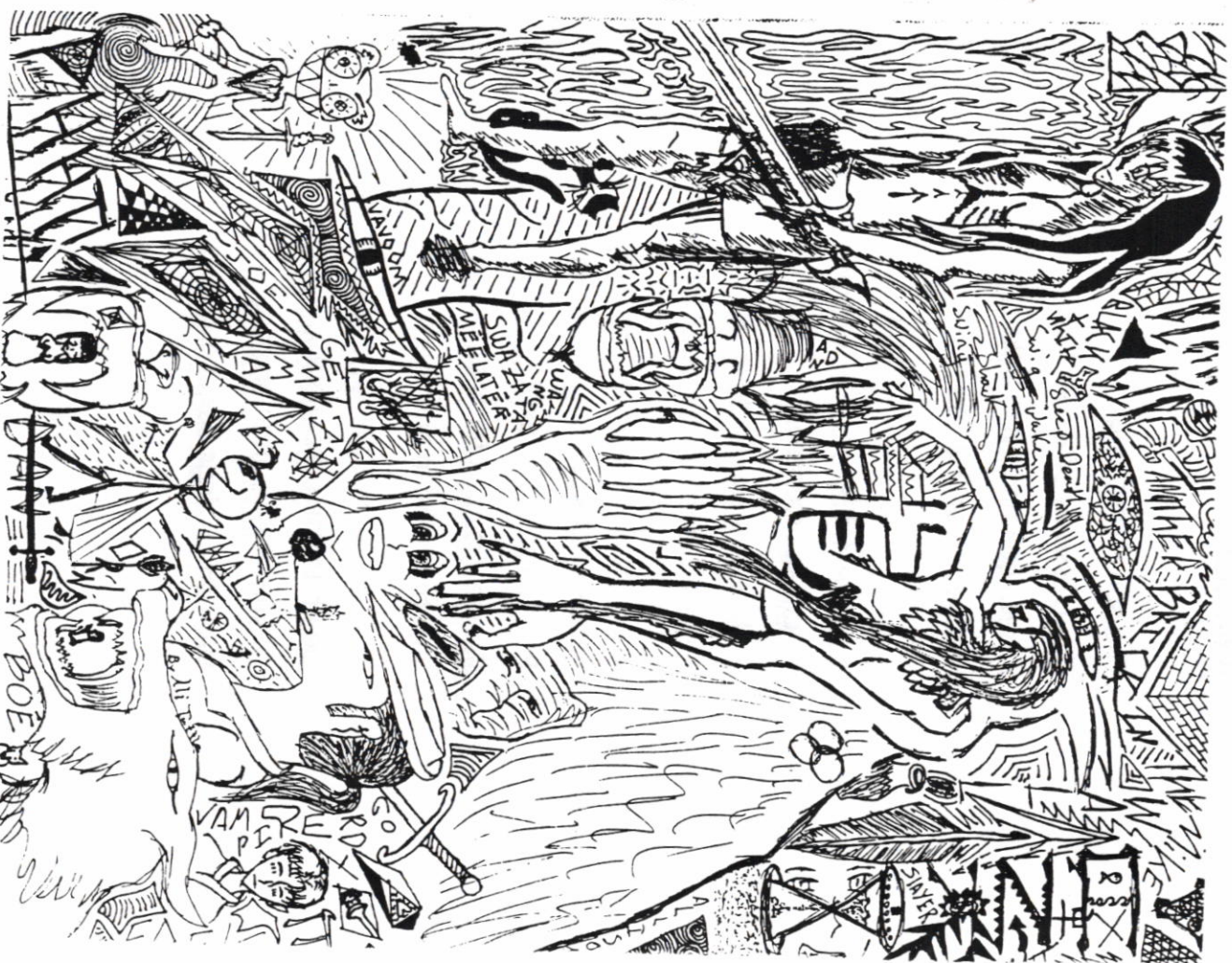
"More like a million years."

"What?"

"Nothing. I'm fine. Let's go." He turned to leave, but stopped when something grabbed his coat-sleeve.

"No, James." The tears in his wife's eyes finally brought the young man back to reality. Her voice remained steady and strong, though he could tell she wanted nothing more than to break down and cry. Her warm breath and hot tears were steaming in the cold, winter weather.

"This has gone on for far too long. I knew you had a...a secret from the day I met you. And I knew that, even though you were keeping something from me, I wanted to be with you, because I loved you. But you can't keep coming here every year and not tell me why! I don't think I can take it any more. I need to know what you're thinking, what you're feeling. That's how a marriage works. Please..." she pleaded, "just tell me what happened."



He gave her a tired, almost sad smile, and reached up to stroke her tear-stained cheek. She reached up to touch his hand, then moved her head to kiss the palm of his hand.

James took a step forward and took her into his arms, burring his face into her soft, auburn hair. His voice tickled her ear, but there was no desire to laugh at the sensation.

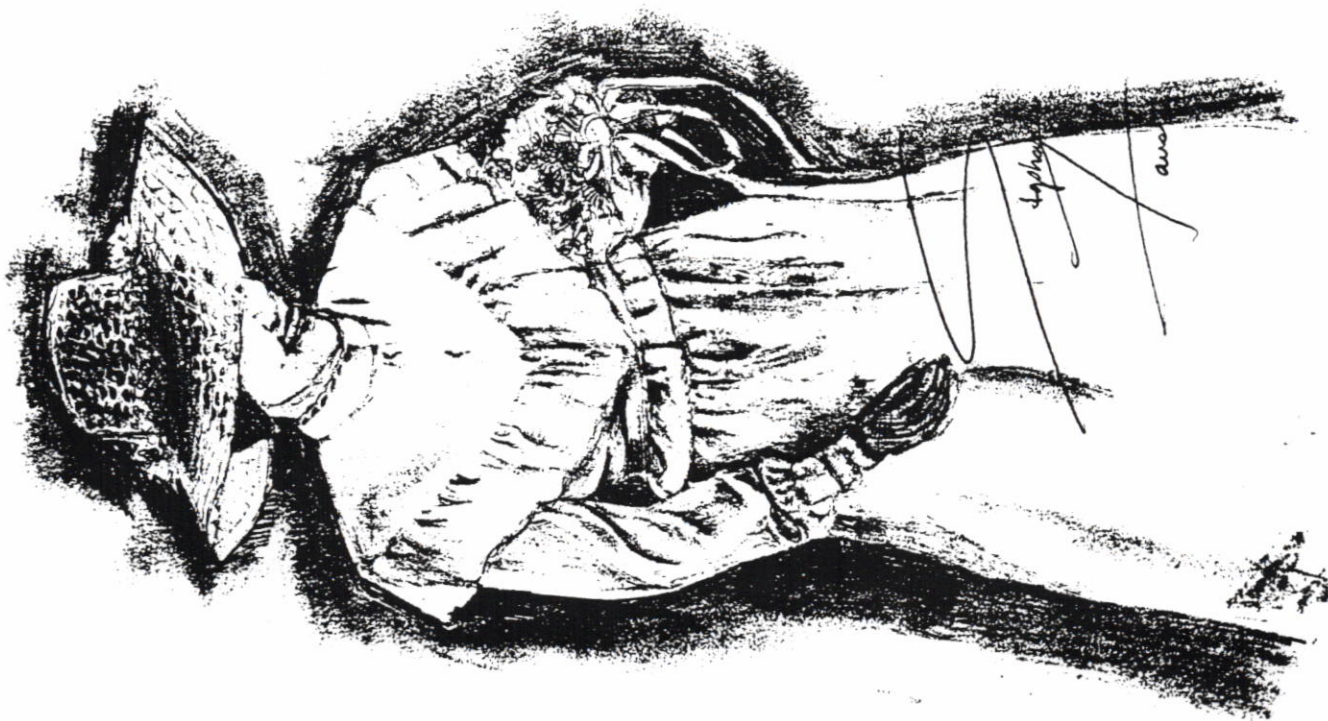
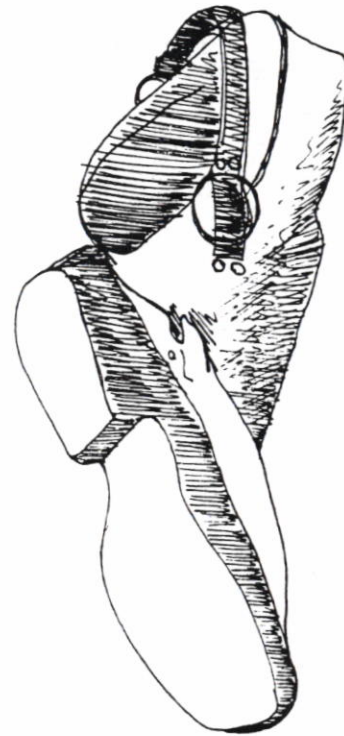
"I'm sorry. You're right. I'm so sorry. I just... I've never told anyone."

"You can tell me. You know you can tell me anything, and I'll still love you."

He peeled himself away from their embrace and took her by the hand and walked back to the car.

As they got in and drove off, the sun poked his head out between the drained clouds.

Continued at http://www.geocities.com/sonja_stetson/how.html



The Joy of Life

He quietly stuffs another mint into his
indifferently aged mouth. Shooting awkward
glances all about, he's afraid to show even a
piece of himself; hiding and too worried to
even come out.

Life

She busily hums about enjoying the scene.
Touching gum from under the chairs being told,
"Away from there!" But hum she still does,
simply skipping along.

Joy

For one single second, perhaps no one noticed,
this pristine child and this leathery old man
caught a glance. A glance soon turns to a
gaze. The truth in this child forces the man
to look impatiently away. Perhaps he's too

hurt to even share his smile. Too battered
and beaten from life's many miles.

Life

And perhaps she's too pure for this angry old
man, for she holds the key within her hands.
And in her eyes there's a sparkle that hasn't
yet died.

Joy

I saw today a seemingly plain sight, but
searching down deeper I find that I saw joy
meet with life.

By Darla Hartman